

President Wilson Attends Services at Central Presbyterian Church; Dr. and Mrs. Cary Grayson Leave White Sulphur Springs for Mountains

Other News of Society at the Capital

The President attended services at the Central Presbyterian Church yesterday morning. He was accompanied by the First Lady. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was a memorial service for the Confederate soldiers.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson have as their guest Mrs. Burleson's niece, Miss Mary Wharton Johns, who arrived yesterday from Sweetbriar College to spend several days before leaving for her home at Austin, Tex.

Dr. and Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, who left White Sulphur Springs for Cincinnati for a few days trip, will return to the Greenbrier today, after which they will go to Eagle Mountain on a fishing trip.

Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover have announced the engagement of their daughter, Beatrice, to Capt. Thomas Holcombe, jr., U. S. M. C. The wedding will take place in the autumn.

Miss Clover is the younger daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Clover, and one of the most popular of the younger set. Her debut winter before last was one of the most brilliant functions of that season. She is charming and clever, a splendid horsewoman and an expert motorist.

Capt. Holcombe is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Holcombe, of Walnut Hill, New Castle, Del. He is aide to the general commandant of the Marine Corps and extremely popular in society.

The announcement of the engagement was made at a dinner party given Saturday evening at Grandstands, the Country Club, by Admiral and Mrs. Clover.

The ladies of the Columbia Country Club will hold a card party at the clubhouse, Chevy Chase, Md., at 2 o'clock Wednesday, June 7. This will be an open meeting, to which town as well as out-of-town guests of members may be invited. Luncheon will be served at 1 o'clock for those making table reservations in advance.

St. John's Church, on Lafayette Square, was the scene of a beautiful wedding Saturday evening when Miss Elizabeth Ashfield Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Walker, became the bride of Ensign Robert J. Walker, third, U. S. N., a graduate of last week at Annapolis.

The Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith officiated, and a program of wedding music was a feature of the event.

The altar was massed with pink and white peonies, ferns and palms, and tall standards of peonies marked the pews reserved for relatives.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a tulle gown of white over cloth of silver, richly embroidered with need pearls in a design of roses and lilies of the valley. The court train was of white brocade caught to the shoulders with pearl butterflies. A pearl bandeau held the tulle in place and the bridal bouquet was of white orchids and valley lilies.

Miss Elizabeth Chase was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Anita Kite, Miss Winifred Martin and Miss Margaret Cameron.

They were gowned alike in girlish frocks of pink tulle over pink taffeta. Three bouquets of tulle formed the skirts, each edged with a ruche of pink tulle.

The bridesmaids wore dresses of tulle over deep blue silk. Picture hats of pale pink trimmed with a single rose and long streamers of narrow pink tulle ribbon. The maid of honor carried a huge cluster of sweetheart roses and the bridesmaids had clusters of pink sweet peas.

The best man was Ensign Arthur W. Radford, and the ushers were Ensigns John Wilkes, John Dale Price, Charles P. Cecil, Arthur W. Summers, and Theodore T. Patterson, all of the bridegroom's class at Annapolis.

Following the ceremony there was a small reception at the Grafton for the wedding party and a few others. There the decorations consisted of a centerpiece of pink and white peonies, and a stringed orchestra played throughout the evening. Later Ensign and Mrs. Walker left for a wedding trip. Mrs. Walker wearing a smart gown of dark blue tulle with a small black hat trimmed with gaura and draped with turquoise blue tulle.

They will spend the summer at Newport, where Ensign Walker will be stationed aboard the U. S. S. Utah.

Miss Caledonia McCall, of Florida, left on Saturday for Chicago.

Mrs. Bryan Lathrop, of Chicago, is at the Hotel Lafayette for a short stay, before going to Brattleboro and York Harbor.

Mrs. James Young, wife of Representative Young, of Texas, was hostess Saturday at a buffet luncheon at Rauscher's. The table was a centerpiece of baskets filled with pink peonies, the small tables at which the guests were seated were adorned with baskets of spring flowers. A stringed orchestra played throughout the luncheon.

The guests included Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Burleson, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. Charles A. Culbertson, Mrs. Morris Sheppard, Mrs. Rufus H. Hensley, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Charles F. Johnson, Mrs. Lee Overman, Mrs. Atlee Pomeroy, Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, Mrs. Joseph W. Bailey, Mrs. Cone Johnson, Mrs. Hampson Gary, Mrs. William C. Bralsted, Mrs. James Thompson, Mrs. Percy Quinn, Mrs. C. C. Copley, Mrs. James R. Mann, Mrs. Robert T. Neill, Mrs. John H. Stevens and her house guest, Mrs. Shaver; Mrs. J. H.

Mrs. Leroy F. Patterson, of Georgia, will arrive Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Tiller.

Mr. and Mrs. Tiller are now located in Sixteenth street Highlands.

Mr. Henry Thomas Oxnard has joined Mrs. Oxnard and Miss Pichon at the Hotel Lafayette.

An interesting wedding took place Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock in the Italian garden surrounding the home of Dr. and Mrs. Loren Johnson in Sixteenth street, when Mrs. Johnson's cousin, Miss Louise, was married to Lieut. Commander Edward J. Marquart, U. S. N.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Smyth, of St. Patrick's Church, in the summer house covered in vines and surrounded with blooming plants and shrubbery, a wedding breakfast followed.

The bride, who was unattended and given in marriage by Dr. Johnson, wore a lovely gown of white Georgette crepe with touches of blue and a becoming picture hat of white trimmed in pink roses. Her corsage bouquet of orchids and gardenias completed the costume.

Commander Marquart was attended by two brother officers, Lieut. Commander Adolphus Stator, U. S. N., and Lieut. Commander Donald C. Bingham, U. S. N., all three wearing their summer uniforms.

After a wedding trip Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Marquart will be at home after July 1 at the navy yard, where Lieut. Commander Marquart is now stationed.

A pretty wedding of Saturday evening took place at 6:30 o'clock at the home of Pay Director John Ross Martin, U. S. N., when his daughter, Miss Catherine A. Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Parker, of Philadelphia, became the bride of Ensign Clifford H. Roper, U. S. N.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. Charles Wood in the bay window of the drawing room, which was transformed into a bower of white peonies and sprays of orange blossoms, ferns and palms.

The bride, who was given in marriage by Pay Director Martin, wore a charming ruffled gown of white Georgette crepe, combined with tulle. She wore a tulle veil, fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of the same blossoms.

Miss Rose Parker, who was her sister's only attendant, wore a dainty gown of white chiffon striped with silver. She carried a basket of forget-me-nots and roses.

The best man was Ensign Herbert Jones, U. S. N., and Ensign Erickson, U. S. N., also attended the bridegroom.

Ensign and Mrs. Roper left later for a wedding trip and upon its conclusion will go to Newport, where Ensign Roper will be stationed aboard the U. S. S. Florida.

An attractive wedding took place Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at St. John's Episcopal Church, Georgetown, when Miss Barbara Harris Tharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Tharp, was married to Mr. Benjamin Ames Laning.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. P. Sparling, rector of the church, assisted by the Rev. Charles E. Buck, rector of St. Paul's Church, Rock Creek.

The decorations consisted of large sprays of orange blossoms intermingled with white peonies, and a large white chiton ruffled to the waist. The bride's bouquet was of white chiton ruffled to the waist. The bride's bouquet was of white chiton ruffled to the waist.

The bridegroom wore a tulle gown of white over cloth of silver, richly embroidered with need pearls in a design of roses and lilies of the valley. The court train was of white brocade caught to the shoulders with pearl butterflies. A pearl bandeau held the tulle in place and the bridal bouquet was of white orchids and valley lilies.

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IN BLUE AND WHITE EFFECT.



For the afternoons this dress of blue serge, with its white organdy vest and large blue buttons, is particularly attractive. The waist is cut on the lines of an Eton coat and shows the Capuchin collar which is so much in vogue. The deep band folded over the hem of the skirt resembles a deep tuck, and comprises the sole trimming of the very full skirt.

BATTLE FRONT VISIBLE DISTANCE OF 15 MILES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Sochez, has been so torn up that only by careful calculations on a map is it possible to tell what was once town and what open field.

It is spring now, and the woods on Notre Dame are a mass of violets. The trees are splintered, although on some of the hills can be seen initials and other war dates which indicate that this spot, with its view up the valley to La Basse in the north and beyond Arras in the south, must have been a picnic grove. The little shrine of Notre Dame stood on the exposed spur of the hill, beyond the woods, and a crossroad met nearby. After a most careful search, I could not find any trace of where the chapel or the road had been. Both, evidently, were targets for great howitzer shells, and in fact the whole end of the hill has been literally blown away. Not even the violets grow here. The whole area looks at though it had been thickly covered with California big trees all of which some giant had pulled out by the roots and taken away. Three hundred thousand shells, Gen. Joffre reported, were fired against this spur in one day, when the battle opened a year ago, and that was only the beginning. Time after time the French stormed the ridge, only to lose it. On the end is nothing but a waste of torn earth, but in the woods behind, where the violets are growing, are scores of lines of trenches wrecked by shell fire, with barbed wire before them, showing how every yard of this key position was fought for before the indomitable French infantry finally triumphed.

Bones Are Mangled. On and above Notre Dame, in the spring of last year, 10,000 men died, and when peace comes, or the battle front recedes so the hill can be occupied, reverent hands will gather here countless bones of French and German soldiers. None can tell them apart now, and it was a British officer who suggested that France and Germany together raise a monument over them. There are many little cemeteries untouched by shell fire on the rear of the ridge, but toward the end, where the fighting raged most furiously, burial, such as was possible in those terrible days, was no protection against the unceasing storm of iron.

It was the battle of the present I came to see, however, my thoughts were distracted by that terrible hill-top. Notre Dame forms a spur in the rear of the British lines, having been finally carried, with the villages at its foot, by the French Tenth army, but it is still savagely shelled on occasions by the German batteries across the little valley, on the Vimy ridge, and we had to take precautions against being seen before looking down on the battle front.

The view was a wonderful one. In the north we could follow the first line trenches, outlined by the white chalk parapets, beyond Loos, seven miles away, and above Loos with glasses could be seen such a deluge of the outstanding landmarks of this mining region, immortalized by the fighting last autumn—the slag heaps and mining shafts above Vermelles and Hulluch, the Hohenzollern redoubt, which is built into and around a great slag heap, and the ruined mining works standing on top of Poessee 8, where thousands of German and British soldiers died.

Scene of Peacefulness. There was what the communiques call "a fair amount of artillery activity" going on, and shells could be seen bursting over the trench lines, while one occasionally whizzed our way, but the dominating feature of the scene was a peacefulness. A battle field one usually associates with open country, but here before us were many good-sized towns, Arras, Ligny, Bully-Grenay, Grenay, Loos, Lens, Givenchy, and far away, the city of Arras itself, and in all the landscape not a human being could be seen. The little red mining cottages, with their slate roofs, seemed normal enough from the perspective of the distance, and we were then I could see that the impression I had gained was a cruel delusion. Every house is, more or less, smashed, but on none of the towns mentioned has such a deluge of the outstanding landmarks of this mining region, immortalized by the fighting last autumn—the slag heaps and mining shafts above Vermelles and Hulluch, the Hohenzollern redoubt, which is built into and around a great slag heap, and the ruined mining works standing on top of Poessee 8, where thousands of German and British soldiers died.

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